

North of Corpus

The Last Ten Seconds of Life

Shadows form into hands and dance like scissors across the top of the van
Intoxicated by the fever that builds and the hospital pill
I am free of this world
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North of Corpus five inches from the Sun
Spilling out at both ends
Feeling like a dead man
I spent the day
Painting all the pavement
With pink and scum
Daydreaming that
My father is breathing
Count to ten then run

First thing I'll do is scribble out the Sun
Cut the ceiling let it spill its guts
Can't stop these visions, they come to me
Let me tell you what I see

I King Kong up the church steeple
Scream at the top of my lungs and wave guns at the wrong people
All you plastic pieces of shit
Can sit on my middle finger and spin

The heat's starting to get to me
As the van slithers across the sand
When they're gone well they're gone and they ain't comin' back
You can count on that

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Hallucinations quicken
Unending crucifixion
Crown of sickness
Radiate my illness
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